

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

[OLD SERIES.—VOL. XV.]

[From the Ev. Magazine and Advocate.]
LINES COMPOSED ON RETURNING FROM
A UNIVERSALIST MEETING.

BY MISS LAURA EGGLESTON.

How sweet to assemble in union and love
And worship the Father of mercies above;
To proffer our hearts in devotion's employ,
And drink of the wells of salvation with joy.

How sweet in the temple of Zion to meet,
The lovers of Jesus in friendship to greet!
To taste of the banquet which charity makes,
For all who are willing her to partake.

'Tis pleasant, and lovely, yes, heavenly, to see,
Communing together in sweet unity,
The souls of believers, both aged and youth,
And all who stand fast in the freedom of truth.

How glorious the tidings! how sweetly sublime,
The message of gladness — the Gospel divine!
When in accents of love, 'tis proclaimed aloud,
To the eager, admiring, and famishing crowd!

It drops as the rain in the showers of Spring—
It distills as the dew, to revive every thing —
The dark clouds of error already recede,
And the bright sun of Love now is shining indeed!

Sing the loud psalm! for truth shall prevail,
And dogmas fallacious shall utterly fail —
And the bright moralon of improvement shall shine
On the world of mankind, with effulgence divine.

O, haste, happy hour, when the quick and the dead,
Shall live with their risen and glorious heads;
And shine in the vestments of angels, and sing
At the banquet of Jesus our heavenly King.

Smithville, February, 1833.

[From the United States Gazette.]

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping;
Years passed — I saw a girl with woman's charms,
In sorrow, weeping.

Years passed — I saw a mother with her child,
And o'er it languished.
Years bro't me back — yet thro' her tears she smiled,
In deeper anguish.

I left her — years had vanished — I returned,
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned —
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her who I left in tears,
God relying;
And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair —
A wife — a mother —
And then a childless widow in despair —
Thus met a brother.

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,
To meet, oh never!
'Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever. H. S. G.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

Whate'er we see, or feel, or touch, or taste;
Amongst the nouns are by grammarians placed;
The ARTICLES point out the thing itself,
A horse, a tree, an owl, the miser's self;
Whatever qualities these may possess,
Color or form the ADJECTIVES express.
PRONOUNS, of nouns the repetition save,
Implied possession, or distinction crave.

Being, or suffering — doing what we may,
By VERBS alone we can the fact portray;
To ADVERBS, verba great strength or weakness owe,
As, "I love dearly," or "I scarcely know."

Nearness, or distance, agency or place,
By PREPOSITIONS we distinctly trace.
As INTERJECTIONS we can only class
Such sounds as — Oh! or Ah! — alack! — alas!

CONJUNCTIONS join all sentences aright,
As, "I have done, and therefore, now, Good Night."
[London paper.]

[From the Ev. Magazine and Advocate.]

A FRAGMENT.

"Who can forbear to smile with Nature?"

BY MISS EVELINE KOURSEVILLE.

There are moments when the sombre shade of pensive melancholy will steal upon us unawares; when the bright objects of yesterday, the thrilling tone of by-gone days, the rounded period and the well-told tale, no longer afford their wonted delight; in short, when even the proud and aspiring monuments of mimic art, are passed unheeded by, and the toil-worn, weary soul, like the silver lake, enshrouded by the creeping mist at day's decline, seems covered by gathering vapor and clad with the mournful drapery of sable gloom.

Such was the state of my spell-bound spirit, when I closed my favorite volume in disgust, and hastily arose from my long-tried seat, to take a ramble — I knew not whither — chance was my only director — my only search, a soother of the mind. As I opened the door to depart, I was greeted by the gentle breeze of refreshing zephyr; the sun shed his most cheering beams around me, and the feathered songsters seemed to chant a livelier strain. All nature wore the bland and beauteous smile of universal love, exulting in the arms of her Maker, God!

I beheld, and melancholy forsook me, while the purest delight, unconsciously, stole over the tender chords of feeling, and my throbbing heart beat in unison with the gay and exhilarating tones of inspiring nature! Almost insensible of the course I had pursued, I soon found myself perched upon the breezy summit of a towering hill, overlooking the pleasant vale outstretched below. I threw myself down on nature's imitable velvet, beneath the cooling shade of a birchen tree, to feast on the beautiful expanse that lay beneath me!

The first object on which my eye rested, was the industrious husbandman tilling his ground, whistling a cheerful tune which was occasionally interrupted by a hoarse command to his ever-faithful team. "Happy, thrice happy man," said I, "fair would monarchs exchange their dominions for thy content! While

nature smiles around you, conscience whispers peace."

My attention was next arrested by the gentle murmur of a crystal stream, gliding from the mountain height and winding with innumerable meanders through a flowery mead, till it lost itself amid the deep recesses of a shady grove. The playful lambs sported upon its banks with renewed activity; the feathered tribes gathered upon its borders to satiate their thirst and hunger, or perhaps more frequently to seek materials for building their nests, or sustenance for their helpless young. I next beheld a traveller wending his way with measured step through the smiling vale, pursuing his course to happier climes, perchance to meet with dear-loved friends who have long since buried him in sentiment, and now, only anticipate a meeting where parting is forever unknown.

A sudden gust of wind broke my agreeable reverie. The golden orb of heaven had sunk behind the Western hills. But who could paint the rich and variegated hues with which he had decorated the ethereal sky? Red, green, azure and gold, intermingling their various lights and shades, displaying the most exquisite beauty, enrapturing the soul above this earthly mansion to her native throne!

"O why," I involuntarily exclaimed, "why, should man ever repine — why murmur — why complain, when nature and nature's God combine to make him happy?" I arose and returned to my "sweet little cot" with a heart as light as the ambient air, and a soul overflowing with gratitude and unspeakable joy.

VALUE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

BY T. FLINT.

For myself I feel that I am immortal, and that those fellow sojourners, to whom I have been attached by the affection of long intimacy, and the reception of many and great kindnesses, will exist with me hereafter. I pretend to conceive nothing, I wish to inquire nothing, about the mode, the place and circumstances. I should as soon think of disturbing myself, by endeavoring to conceive the ideas that might be imparted by a sixth sense. It is sufficient that my heart declares, that a being who has seen this glorious world, cherished these warm affections, entertained these illimitable aspirations, felt these longings after immortality, indulged "these thoughts that wander through eternity," cannot have been doomed by Him, who gave them, to have them quenched forever in annihilation. Even an illusion so glorious would be worth purchasing at the price of a world. I would affirm, even to repetition, that there is given us that high and stern power, which implies a courage superior to any conflict, and which gives the mind a complete ascendancy over any danger, pain or torture, which belongs to life or death. But we could not be so extravagant, as for a moment, to question that death, as the present generation have been trained, and as we are accustomed, by all we see, and hear to view it, as a formidable evil, fitly characterized by its dread name, the king of terrors. Many a debilitating interior misgiving will assail the stouest mind, in certain moments, in view of it. There are dark intervals by night, in the midnight hours of pain, periods between the empire of sleep and active reason, when the terrific and formless image rushes in its terror and indefiniteness upon the mind. As age steals upon us, and the vivid perceptions, and the bright dreams of youth disappear, many a dark shadow will cloud the sunshine of the soul. The conflict, in which all these terrors are overcome by unaided nature and reason, is, as has been seen, a cruel one. The tender sensibilities, the keen affections, the dear and delusive hopes of our nature must all be crushed, before we can be unmoved in the endurance of the pain and torture that precedes, and the death that follows.

It is only to a firm and unhesitating faith, that it becomes as easy and natural to die, as to sleep. Glorious and blessed hope, the hope of meeting our friends, in the eternal land of those who truly and greatly live forever! There we shall renew our youth, and mount as on the wings of eagles.

"But we shall meet, but we shall meet,
Where parting tears shall cease to flow:
And, when I think thereon, almost I long to go!"

LIFE.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brooks and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the pleasures around us; but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of employment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor;

GOING HATHORN,
JAMES M. HANOVER.
Pittsfield, October 24, 1834.

A PRIME Assortment STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS.

Just received and for sale by CHAS. TARRELL.

our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, it heeds not our joy or our sorrow; the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, — and the lands lesson from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness, but the Infinite and the Eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days that have gone so strangely and so uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience that the Creator only is permanent? or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and the sin which doth most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, were it not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest we have obtained in his mercies. — Bishop Heber.

TO OWNERS OF LOGS IN THE KENNEBEC RIVER OR ITS TRIBUTARIES.

AT the late session of the Maine Legislature an Act was passed establishing a Corporation by the title of the "Kennebec Log Driving Company." The object for which this Company was incorporated is to drive from the Forks to the Booms in Gardiner, or such intermediate place as the owners may wish, the logs and other timber which may yearly be put into the Kennebec river by the members of the Corporation.

The Act provides that the officers of the Corporation shall be a Moderator, Clerk, Treasurer, and five Directors to be chosen annually. The Directors appoint a Master Driver and have the general direction of all the business pertaining to driving the River and apportioning the expenses upon the several owners. All logs in said River not marked, usually denominated "prize logs," are made the property of the Corporation. The expenses of driving the logs are to be equally assessed upon the logs of each member in proportion to the quantity driven to the place of destination. It is made the duty of each member to file with the Clerk in writing, on or before the tenth day of June in each year, a statement under oath of the number of feet board measure, of his logs intended to be drove down the river, and also of the marks put on said logs. And also a like statement of the number of feet actually driven to the places of destination. The Act provides that the first meeting should be held in Gardiner on the 27th March inst., and agreeably to that provision a meeting was then and there held and the Corporation organized. — The Act of Incorporation accepted — a code of By-laws adopted, and the officers for the ensuing year were chosen. Parker Sheldon of Gardiner was elected Moderator; Daniel Nutting of Gardiner, Clerk; Hiriam Stevens of Pittston, Treasurer; and David Scribner, of Topsham, Geo. W. King of Portland, Henry Bowman of Gardiner, Josiah H. Hobbs of Waterville and Samuel Weston of Milburn, Directors.

By the provisions of the By-laws any owner of logs or other timber in Kennebec River or its tributaries, may become a member of the Corporation, by leaving a written request to that effect with the Clerk of the Corporation, and may at any time withdraw from the Corporation by leaving a like request with the Clerk, and previously paying all debts and assessments due from him to the Corporation.

Printed copies of the Act of Incorporation and of the By-laws may be had on application to the Clerk of the Company.

All persons desirous of becoming members and thus availing themselves of the benefits of the Act, are respectfully requested to leave their names with the Clerk, together with a description of their respective marks or marks, as soon as conveniently may be, as it is essential that speedy arrangements should be made for driving.

By a vote of the Corporation, the Moderator was directed to prepare and publish the foregoing notice. P. SHELDON, Moderator.

Gardiner, March 28th, 1834.

TO INVALIDS.

DR. RICHARDSON, of South Reading, Mass. has (in compliance with the earnest solicitations of his numerous friends,) consented to offer his celebrated Vegetable Bitters and Pills.

to the public, which he has used in his extensive practice more than thirty years, and they have been highly appreciated.

No. 1. Are recommended to Invalids of either sex, affected with any of the following complaints, viz.—

Dyspepsia; Sinking; Faulness or Burning in the Stomach; Palpitation of the Heart; Increased or Diminished Appetite; Dizziness or Headache; Costiveness; Pain in the Side; Flatulence; Weakness of the Back; and Bilious Complaints.

No. 2. Is designed for the cure of that class of intervertebral diseases, which arise from an impure state of the Blood, and exhibit themselves in the forms of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Leprosy, St. Anthony's Fire, Scald Head in children and various other cutaneous diseases.

It is an excellent remedy for Females affected with a sore mouth while nursing or at any other time.

Plain and practical directions accompanying the above Vegetable Medicines, and they may be taken without any hindrance of business or amusement, and will if persisted in, prevent and cure numerous diseases, which daily send many of our worthiest to a premature grave.

Observe that none are genuine without the written signature of NATHAN RICHARDSON & SON, on the outside wrapper.

For sale by JAMES BOWMAN. Gardiner, David Griffith, Portland; Thomas Chase, North Yarmouth; H. M. Prescott, Brunswick; Samuel Chandler, Winthrop; Otis C. Waterman, New Gloucester; Nathan Reynolds, Lewiston; E. Latham, Gray; A. E. Small, Saco.

Alfred G. Lithgow, Esq., Hon. George Evans, Mr. Edward Swan, Esq., Capt. Enoch Jewett, Mr. Richard Clay, Rev. Dennis Ryan, Capt. Jacob Davis, Geo. W. Bachelder, Esq.

ANSTY CLARK, Treasurer, H. B. HOSKINS, Secretary.

Gardiner, July 3, 1834.

Saw Mill Gear.

TO be sold low the gear of a Saw mill, consisting of WATER WHEELS with iron rims, cranks, &c. RAG WHEELS and also a MILL CHAIN 109 feet in length.

The above will be sold together or separately.

H. B. HOSKINS, Agent.

Gardiner, June 30, 1834.

FEATHERERS.

JUST received and for sale by GREEN & WARREN.

July 8, 1834.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between GOING HATHORN and JAMES M. HANOVER under the firm of GOING HATHORN & Co. is by mutual consent this day dissolved. All persons in debt to said firm must make immediate payment to GOING HATHORN of Pittsfield, and all demands that are due to GOING HATHORN must be immediately paid to Cyrus Kindrick of Gardiner.

GOING HATHORN,
JAMES M. HANOVER.
Pittsfield, October 24, 1834.

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PRINTING of all kinds executed on the most reasonable terms at this Office.

PROSPECTUS
of Volume Eighteenth of the
NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL & H. HASTINGS WELD

EDITORS.

THE Eighteenth Volume of the GALAXY will commence on the 1st of January, 1835. In accordance with a promise given not long since, that the paper should advance in literary merit in proportion as it gained in public favor, we have spared no pains or expense to render it worthy of patronage; PRIZES have been paid for a successful TALE & POEM, and a liberal remuneration has been given for Original Articles. During the last four months there have been published in the columns of the paper no less than sixteen ORIGINAL TALES, and twenty-one ORIGINAL POEMS, together with Sketches, Essays, &c. making in all, probably a greater quantity of Original matter than has been given of the same quality in any other paper in the United States.

The fact that these exertions have been met by an increase of names upon our subscription list, far exceeding our most sanguine expectations, has induced us to engage the services of JOHN NEAL, Esq. of Portland, who will hereafter be associated with H. HASTINGS WELD, Esq. the present Editor; in addition to which, we offer for Original Articles the following

PRIZES.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE:

FIFTY DOLLARS.

For the best ORIGINAL POEM:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

For the best Article on a Humorous Subject:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

The manuscripts may be directed to the Editors of the Galaxy, Boston, post paid, till the last of April, 1835, and the award will be made during the month of May following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note, marked "Name;" and the directions of the successful writers only will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the editors of the Galaxy.

TERMS OF THE GALAXY. Three dollars per annum in advance. As we have no agents, persons at a distance who wish the paper can enclose the amount by mail. Postmen and others who may forward the names of five subscribers and fifteen dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis; or a reasonable commission.

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